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THE WINTER SEASON.

To those interested in musical matters—and their name is legion—the question must have frequently suggested itself, “what are we to have in the shape of entertainment during the winter campaign?” Upon this subject, we are sorry to say, we cannot proffer any enlightenment. We are certified as to several facts, but are profoundly in the dark as to many circumstances upon which we should like to be informed. For instance, we know that Macfarren’s *King Charles the Second* will be produced on Monday week at the Haymarket, and that Jullien begins his concerts on the same night at Drury Lane. We know that Mr. Webster intends to produce the opera in a style of great efficiency and completeness; and that Jullien is puzzling his brain—if that were possible—to provide startling novelties for his visitors; but we know not what other musical attraction or attractions the enterprising manager of the Haymarket has in store for his patrons; and all we can glean of Jullien is, that he is about to surprise the London world, for the hundredth time, with something entirely unanticipated.

Again, of Mr. Bunn and his operatic management at Drury Lane we are entirely innocent. That he is in treaty for the theatre we believe; but that he can procure a thoroughly good and useful company, notwithstanding his endeavours and exertions, we take leave to doubt. It was rumoured that Mr. Bunn had made offers of an engagement to the celebrated Mademoiselle Wagner—at least so our correspondent at Berlin informed us—and that the fair vocalist refused, on the grounds that she could not learn the language in sufficient time. The endeavour to procure so distinguished an artist as Mademoiselle Wagner for his theatre shows the indefatigable zeal with which Mr. Bunn labours in the cause; but surely he might procure a good company without going as far as Berlin. It would no doubt be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain an English singer who would shine in the grand tragic line; but this is the very thing we do not want in English Opera. It is not required in the *Siege of Rochelle*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *The Mountain Sylph*, *Giselle*, *Maritana*, *King Charles the Second*, or indeed any English opera we happen to know. Unfortunately, our native songstresses, ignorant of their own powers and specialties, affect Normas, Lucrezias, Aminas, and Semiramides, and despise your trifling Maritanas, Æolias, Matildas, and heroines of minor force and extravagance. Singing is to them of secondary consideration. They must act and show their propensities to sound and fury. Vocalism is a good thing, but histrionism is better. Would Grisi and Cruvelli

obtain half the applause they do, if they confined their efforts to love smatterings, and ballads in two verses with a coda and a plain tune? Would bouquets be thrown on the stage to artists, and recalls administered after every act, if no opportunity were afforded them of “screaming like a bad curlew round a crooked mountain”—to borrow the suggestive and energetic expression of a friend of ours who deals largely in the style called “the metaphorical burlesque”—of twisting their arms like a Pythoness agonized, and full of inspiration gathered from distress, delivering her oracles from her three-legged stool; of poisoning their enemies; killing their husbands; or going raving mad over disappointed marriages? Certainly not! An admirable reason why English vocalists should not be content to rest upon the laurels to be acquired by their achievements in English opera. We will not say—it would be ungallant, even if true—that we possess at present no Pastas or Grisis to carry off the tragic bays, but we insist that our singers would be listened to with more pleasure by our audiences in comic, domestic, or semi-serious opera, than in the purely tragic or grand opera. An English audience must have their quantum of ballads. That is their look out in opera; and if that be wanting, the attractive power is lost.

Now, we have no doubt but that Mr. Bunn could assemble together a very admirable vocal troop, provided they were held aloof from Meyerbeer and the tragedies of Bellini and Donizetti. We shall mention no names, but merely bid Mr. Bunn keep his eyes open, and he cannot choose but see.

What Jullien is about to do in his forthcoming concerts at Drury Lane we can only gather from what he has done in seasons past. Something original and striking may be confidently anticipated. We know that Jullien made liberal offers for the splendid collection of musical instruments in the Indian department at the Great Exhibition—including drums, gongs, bells, tomtoms, trumpets, cymbals, half-moons, &c. &c.—but we know not whether Jullien has succeeded in obtaining them. If he have obtained “these dumb warriors of noise”—our metaphorical friend again—it may be depended upon that Jullien will create a greater row than ever at Drury Lane, and make a greater noise in the musical world; if not, it may be depended upon that Jullien will do very well without them, and create a sensation despite the want of drums and gongs and bells and tomtoms and trumpets and cymbals and half-moons, &c. &c., from spiey Ind.

Mr. Stammers is, we understand, about to re-undertake the London Wednesday Concerts at Exeter Hall. Of the intentions of the Sacred Harmonic Society we know

nothing as yet. Of the London Sacred Harmonic Society we know that it commences its fourth season with Handel's oratorio *Belshazzar*, early in November. And so, from our very ignorance we have coined as pretty a specimen of a musical leader as could be desired in the pages of an art journal. Where we cannot command news, we must suggest it, and make amends by counsel and advice; whereupon, instead of loss there will accrue much gain.

CORBARI.

The charming, interesting, and talented Amalia Corbari has reappeared in the musical horizon to gladden the eyes of all beholders—to delight the ears of all listeners. Not that her light had been previously extinguished, nor that her radiance had not been illuminating other spheres; but that, in our musical microcosm there being no empyrean save that which spans the two capitals of France and England, Corbari could not be said by us to have reappeared on the musical horizon unless she had made her *debut*, or *rentrée* in Paris, or London.

In Paris, then, the capital city of France—at the *Théâtre Italien*—the *Salle Ventadour*—the *Bouffes*—or by what other *alias* Mr. Lumley's Italian Opera may be denominated, Amalia Corbari made her *rentrée* in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, as the love-torn Lucy, and, need we say, with distinguished success. Never did character suit artist better. The delicate, feminine traits of Lucy, her *grâce*, delicacy, susceptibility and devotion, were represented to the life by the charming Amalia, who appeared to have caught the inspiration of her part from the glowing pages of Sir Walter Scott. Nor was the singing of the fair *cantatrice* less worthy of praise. Corbari, while retaining the freshness and purity of her voice, appears to have gained for it strength and volume. She sings, too, with more confidence and *abandon*, and is altogether a more accomplished and perfected vocalist than when she was last in London. She was warmly greeted by the fashionables of Mr. Lumley's Theatre, and was received with unusual approbation throughout her performance. Mr. Lumley could not have insured for his opera a more welcome acquisition, or one more desirable in every point of view.

We are delighted to add that Mr. Lumley has secured Amalia Corbari for the next season in London. The most delightful of Elviras and Adelgisas will be received with open arms by the audiences of Her Majesty's Theatre, before whom she first established her claims as a favourite with the London public.

Mademoiselle Corbari's next part at the *Théâtre Italien* will be Adelgisas in *Norma*, in which she will appear for the first time with Sophie Cruvelli. Such a *Norma* and such an Adelgisas have not appeared together since Bellini's *chef-d'œuvre* was first produced, when Pasta and Grisi supported the several characters.

MUSIC IN CONVENTS.

(From Mainzer's Musical Times.)

Castles that date from the middle ages tower upon the hills that command the lovely valleys on the banks of the Rhine, whilst those on the borders of the Danube are crowned by religious establishments. The latter, for the most part of very early date, are in many particulars well deserving of the traveller's attention; for whatever may be the peculiar branch of the arts and sciences that he has made his study, he will there meet with individuals who, remote from the rest of mankind, have devoted their lives to every species of learning. In each convent are found great mathematicians, men whose days and nights are passed in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies, and who only appear at their convent at the hours of prayer or repast. Others, again, seclude themselves in the museums of natural history, where they unweariedly prosecute their researches, or make experiments in natural philosophy; whilst the incalculable collection of ecclesiastical documents, memoirs, and chronicles, that the various libraries contain, sufficiently establish the fact that history forms no mean portion of their studies. Besides those who have devoted their time to the sciences of botany and numismatics, there are many to be found deeply versed in the dead languages. The fine arts, more especially music, are also much cultivated by the monks. Where else are artists so welcomed as amongst them? and when any one of these knocks at the convent door he has barely time to inform the master of the ceremonies (*Zeremonienmeister*) of the object of his journey ere he is overwhelmed with offers of service from every member of the community—from those who have grown grey beneath its walls to the novices of yesterday and the lay brethren. Words would fail us in describing the courtesy and kindness of his reception. As soon as he has been introduced to the room set apart for strangers, generally the one commanding the best and most extensive view, they proceed to show him every object most likely to interest him, and hasten to put him in communication with those individuals most capable of aiding him in his particular branch. The traveller's every wish is anticipated, and if the resources of the convent fail to satisfy his curiosity, or if a neighbouring abbey be richer in materials to assist him in his inquiries, whether it boast a better furnished library, or more curiously constructed organ, or if a more eminent organist preside at another chapter, the convent carriage is at his entire disposal; and that no part of the country or establishment he is about to visit may escape his observation, he is accompanied by the master of the ceremonies, and very frequently by the abbot in person. The same cordial welcome awaits him at the neighbouring convent; nor does he ever leave it without being entreated to renew his visit, and spend, not merely a few days, but weeks and months with its inmates.

Such as I have above described was the manner of my welcome at the Austrian convents. Thus was I conducted from one to another, although, with but few exceptions, my wish to become acquainted with them, and at the same time to prosecute my musical researches, was the only claim I possessed on their attention, so that any one else would have been entitled to a similar reception. Since, then, the convents still practise, as in days of yore, their hospitality on so noble a scale; and as in all probability religious establishments will shortly die away in Austria, as they have in France and the Rhenish provinces, our readers will not object to a detailed account of some of these institutions.

In Germany, the school of Austrian composers and organists holds a conspicuous place in the annals of the art of music; and it is for the most part in the cloisters on the banks of the Danube that these distinguished men dwelt and prosecuted the study of their art. There, too, were the works of the composers of Southern Germany planned and executed; and had it not been for the noble hospitality afforded to artists by these monasteries, many a rising genius would have been nipped in the bud, for lack of the sheer necessities of life. Their works once completed, the convent itself took care to bring them forward; for the choristers, scholars, heads of the chapter, and musicians attached to the establishment amply sufficed for this, without it being necessary to have recourse to extraneous resources.

To the convents of St. Florian, Krems-Münster, Seitenstätten, Lerchenfeld, Melk and Neuburg, the Fuchs, Albrechtsbergers, Schneiders, Stadlers, Haydns, and Mozarts, were indebted for a generous welcome, organ, orchestra, and choirs.

In the schools attached to the convents music is cultivated equally with the classics and foreign languages; it is followed up in all its branches, both of composition and execution; the latter includes the practice of all instruments for the organ downwards.

There are some abbeys where, besides the usual choristers, their choir is aided by the students, novices, and professors. A military band, including *janissary** instruments, is often united to their instrumental music.

In a life uniform and monotonous such as theirs, where the bell and the dial regulate their every act, music may well be termed the poetic side. The toll of the abbey bell now summons its inmates to study and now to exercise, now to prayer and now to meals; they may not lie down at night, nor quit their pillows in the morning, except at its brazen tones. But few incidents glide athwart the unruddled surface of their stagnating career, unless perchance a stranger seek their gates, and, during his stay, causes some change in their usual habits; then the most casual remark from him, the most hackneyed story of the day, the slightest account of the slightest adventure he may have met with, is eagerly caught up and circulated from mouth to mouth, from the father-abbot to the kitchen-drudge. He can at will give the tone to the next four-and-twenty hours, and bid them be cheerful or gloomy; he is for the time the ruling spirit of the place.

In the convents on the Danube every species of music is cultivated. Haydn's and Mozart's instrumental works are performed there with a degree of accuracy not to be surpassed in the drawing-room of Vienna. The brothers meet together several times a week for the purpose of executing these works; nor do they confine themselves exclusively to Haydn and Mozart, for their repertory is diversified with Beethoven, Spohr, Weber, Hummel, Romberg, Mayseder, Ries, and Fesca. They are well acquainted with, and execute with the greatest skill, foreign productions, such as the inspirations of Bocherini, Viotti, Kreutzer, Rode, Baillot, and Clementi.

Some of these musical reunions take a still more extensive range; overtures, symphonies, and concertos, have their turn. The vocal powers of their establishment are put in requisition, and aided by amateurs and ecclesiastics from neighbouring chapters, they perform the motetts, cantatas, and oratorios of Bach, Handel, Graun, Caldara, Jomelli, and a host of others. Dramatic music is not so little heard in these pious establishments as one would be led to suppose: operettas founded on scriptural subjects are performed there, such, for instance, as the lyric drama of *Rebecca or Isaac's Bride*; and even Gluck's, Spontini's, Weber's, and Rossini's finales and concerted pieces. During Passion Week the abbey walls resound with mournful strains of penitence and prayer, furnished by Allegri, Pergolesi, Schiet, Fasch, and others.

After quitting the Tyrol, and visiting the surrounding convents, I embarked on the Danube for Vienna. At Linz we passed the famous whirlpool (*Wirbel*) formed by rocks that rise in the middle of the stream, and leave but a narrow passage for navigation, which is rendered more dangerous by the foaming waters that threaten to cast the vessels on the shoals. The roar of this whirlpool, which is heard miles off, filled my fellow passengers with apprehension; and though we were still at some distance from it, they all congregated on the deck, now turning their scared looks towards a cross fixed on the steep bank, now to the tall spare old man, who, calm and collected, was guiding the helm. We were hardly aware that we were in the midst of this hazardous passage ere our vessel shot far beyond it. The aged pilot then held out his hat to the passengers, who, as well may be imagined, were not remiss in testifying their gratitude. This fearful and all-absorbing sight once passed, every thing seems to wear another aspect. The banks of the Danube, hitherto undiversified, and without any interesting features, now become more varied and

attractive. On the left hand is seen *Maria Tafern*, so celebrated throughout Germany as a place of pilgrimage; many hundred thousands each year repair to it, with hearts full of pious confidence, to implore the Holy Virgin's aid in their time of tribulation or day of sickness. The situation is most magnificent; the church and adjoining edifices commanding a view of many miles around.

The banks of the river now become bolder and higher, and gradually assume somewhat of the character of the banks of the Rhine. As on the latter, they are beginning to plant vines on the slope of the rocks that are washed by the river, and whose summits towering aloft seem to claim dominion over the whole district surrounding Vienna. From afar may be discerned the towers of a gigantic monument reared with consummate and almost incredible boldness on the topmost heights of a stupendous cliff; this is the magnificent abbey of Melk. It would be difficult to meet with an object more calculated to excite admiration; neither in the capital of Austria nor elsewhere is aught more imposing, more astounding to be seen, both on account of the vastness of its dimensions, and the bold sublimity of its position.

Melk, that dates as far back as the ninth century, was at that period the residence of the ancient Margraves of Austria, who fortified it against the incursions of the Turcomans. The high and massy walls that surround it, its imposing turrets, which rise above the abbey spire, forcibly call to mind the old castles and frowning citadels of the middle ages; and it is difficult to associate the ideas of prayer and peace with a building bearing such evidences of war and destruction. The strangers can scarcely repress the feeling of awe which arises within him as he gazes on this dark and haughty edifice, seeming to brave alike the hand of time and the skill of man.

Melk, in common with all the other Austrian convents, is a spot devoted to music; many a man of note has passed his days within its walls in the cultivation of his noble calling. My welcome was most cordial, and every one vied in satisfying my slightest wish. From my chamber windows I watched the meanderings of the mighty stream beneath me, and traced it in its course athwart the rocks and meadows as it rolled onward to Austria's fair metropolis. The loftiest imagination would fail to conceive aught more varied, aught grander or more imposing, than the sight of the rich pastures and towns and convents that the eminence on which I stood enabled me to discover. Amongst other ancient monuments there observable, is the tower in which, according to popular tradition, Richard Cœur-de-Lion was detained captive. At a considerable distance, vessels may be discerned, but they quickly disappear, hurried away by the rapid course of the Danube, which lacks variety, as it is not possible to navigate against the very strong and rapid stream of the river. According to recent statistical returns 8,000 craft pass down it every year towards the Black Sea, always following the same track. How different from the Rhine! where to and fro the most splendid vessels—perfect floating palaces—are ever wending their way; whilst the Danube is navigated by huge unsightly barks that are broken up and sold at the end of their voyage for as much as they cost, although they fetch merely the price of old timber. Fishermen and sportsmen, swimmers and loungers of every degree, are ever skimming athwart the waters of the Rhine, in graceful skiffs that bend beneath the pressure of their snowy sails. There is little communication between the opposite banks of the Danube; and if a few wretched boats do succeed, after unheard of efforts, in approaching you, they merely contain mendicants, bearing the figure of their patron, St. Nicholas, as the Neapolitans their St. Januarius, which tends to render the Danube far less animated than the Rhine, and moreover, far less hospitable.

But to return to the convents of Melk; it is when the moon is on the waters, when her pale beams kiss the valley, that this spot assumes a mystic air. There lurks a spell around it as the deep-toned chords of the organ, blending with the psalms and spiritual songs, so fervently, with so much holy unction chanted forth by the monks, are borne athwart the stillness of night, and keep time with the river's roar. Albrechtsberger, who listened with the greatest delight to the sacred music of the brotherhood, would frequently leave his room, and gliding behind the church pillars, ensconce himself in some corner, and there, touched to the

* This appellation is given in Germany to all instruments of percussion, such as the timbal, double drum, cymbal, trimbal, &c. These may be looked on as an expedient to keep the pious congregation from indulging in an occasional nap.

quick by these sublime melodies of olden times, weep unrestrainedly. "O Maximilian," he observed on one occasion to Stadler, "how paltry are our works, how paltry are even those of the first masters, compared with the simple strains of the fathers of the church! How happy am I when, under favor of the temple's gloom, I can shed tears as I hearken to this simple touching ancient psalmody!"

Towards the middle of the fifteenth century, the famous Benedictine, Conrad, lived in the convent of Melk; he was equally skilled in the art of music, in medicine, and in mathematics. This convent has at all times boasted the greatest composers of the Austrian school.

Korzinger, celebrated alike for his skill as a composer and as a virtuoso, inhabited Melk, whence he was summoned to receive the appointment of Kapellmeister at St. Stephen's cathedral at Vienna, where he died in 1630.

Baumgartner lived there in 1690, and Marianus Gurtner in 1750; both have left behind them very valuable compositions.

It was at the convent of Melk that Bachschmidt, about the year 1709, studied composition; he wrote both for the church and theatre; it was there that he acquired his skill on the violin and trombone, and attained sufficient proficiency to hold a respectable rank amongst the performers in the different European capitals.

Amongst the celebrated organists reared in this nursery of great artists, are Freitag and Weiss, whose compositions may serve as models in the serious and elevated style of organ playing.

It was during the latter portion of the eighteenth century that Melk had attained its acme of musical glory. Kimmerling, Helm, Albrechtsberger, Abbe Stadler, Francis Schneider and Paradeiser, flourished at this epoch within its walls. Such an assemblage of talent as this, of men whom Germany glories in ranking among the foremost of her sons, sufficiently testifies the influence exercised by convents over the science of music, and well worthy of our attention are these peaceful abodes, if we look at them in no other light than that of foster-mothers of music.

Robert Kimmerling was born at Vienna, in 1737—he entered the order of Benedictines in 1759. During the time he prosecuted his studies in divinity at this city, he acquired the primary elements of composition from one who had already begun to attract attention amongst the celebrated musicians of the period, and who became in the sequel an object of universal admiration,—I speak of the author of *The Creation*—Joseph Haydn. Thanks to his master and his unremitting attention to the works of Handel, Hasse, and Bach, it was not long ere Kimmerling became the first composer and greatest organist of his day. He wrote several trios, quatuors, cantatas, offertories, litanies, vespers, and *Te Deums*, besides masses, wherein he showed himself a thorough master of counterpoint. Haydn evinced considerable admiration for his disciple's works, and was so much struck with a mass for eight voices of his composition, that he always spoke of it afterwards as a master-piece.

Kimmerling exercised upwards of sixteen years the functions of Professor and *Regius Chori* at the Abbey of Melk, with the greatest credit. His method of teaching, and his encouraging manner towards his scholars, contributed in no small degree to raise the musical performances in this monastery to the greatest height of perfection; so that, besides instrumentalists who possessed first-rate talent, the choristers brought up and instructed free of expense were as remarkable for their amount of musical knowledge as for their fine and well cultivated voices, they being competent to undertake at once the execution of the most complicated works.

It was with several monks, no mean proficients, and these youths, whose capabilities had been so fully developed, that Kimmerling, when Joseph II. and his sister Marie Antoinette visited this convent, in 1770, performed the operetta of *Rebecca*, or *Isaac's Bride*, the music of which he had himself composed. This piece was executed by a full orchestra and choir with great precision, and produced much effect on all present, especially on Marie Antoinette. She presented to the composer a large gold medal in remembrance of the occasion, and to each monk who

had borne a part in the drama a similar medal of silver. Joseph II. was so highly pleased with the music, that he requested a copy of the score, that he might be able at a future period to renew the satisfaction it had afforded him.

Kimmerling died in 1799.

Amongst his numerous scholars, the principal were, Marian Paradeiser, Cajetan Andorfer, Gregor Mayer, and Müller.

Marian Paradeiser was born at Reichenenthal, in the year 1774. He was brought up as a chorister in the Abbey of Melk. At an early age he evinced a most decided turn for music, and in his fourteenth year wrote quatuors as remarkable for their graceful melody as for the science they displayed. Whilst still a student in philosophy only, he wrote *Caladon*, an operetta, a work which was estimated as being of the first order. His trios and quatuors were of the few compositions that the Emperor Joseph at all cared to hear. Paradeiser was likewise a very tolerable performer on the violin, and moreover a good poet. Unhappily his career was but of brief duration, for he perished in his twenty-eighth year. But few of his compositions have been preserved. The extreme confusion consequent upon the decree of secularisation and sequestration of the property of religious establishments caused the irreparable loss of many treasures of art and science.

Albrechtsberger was a native of Neuberg, in the neighbourhood of the convent of that name. In 1736 he came to the Abbey College at Melk, as a chorister. There he first learnt the rudiments of composition, and was initiated into the mysteries of organ playing, in which ere long he had no rival. He became organist in the convent of Raab, thence he went to Maria Tafern, and at length returned to the monastery of Melk to assume the functions of organist. His favourite studies were Handel's and Caldara's works. He subsequently returned to Vienna, where he obtained a scanty livelihood by giving lessons in composition. His scholars fully proved the justice of the opinion which Haydn entertained of him. He said, that, of all masters of composition, Albrechtsberger was the greatest and most profound. Never did master boast so noble a list of names as his scholars furnish forth: Beethoven, Ries, Seyfried, Schneider, Eibler, Preindl, Hummel, Weigl and others, who, although not equal to these in reputation, still became composers, professors, and organists of no mean distinction.

Albrechtsberger was indebted for a very considerable portion of the high perfection he attained in composition and skill on the organ, to the serious and effective turn imparted to his studies by his preceptor Kimmerling. Even during his life time, Albrechtsberger enjoyed that meed of admiration so well his due, as was testified by the tributes he received from the first masters.

On one occasion, Michael Haydn chanced to arrive at the convent during divine service, and, on entering the chapel, he was so struck with the powerful style of playing exhibited by the master who directed the Abbey's colossal instrument, that he ascended the flight of stairs leading to the organ loft in order to gratify himself with a sight of him who had acquired so great a mastery over his instrument. What was his astonishment at recognizing Albrechtsberger, his old fellow-collegian, with whom he had prosecuted his classical studies at Vienna. In raptures at his execution, he clasped him in his arms, affirming that none could brook comparison, none venture to contest with him the palm of first organist.

On another occasion, whilst he was at Vienna, Abbe Vogler visited that city. The friends of the latter, who had opportunities of hearing him during his former tours, flocked to renew their admiration one day that he was to play the organ. He was accompanied by Haydn, Albrechtsberger, Stadler, and several others; amongst the number Mozart, holding little Ignatius Seyfried by the hand. Vogler could always rely upon the suffrages of the mass; for his style exhibited as much clap-trap as ability, as much straining after false effect as real depth; but in presence of those by whom he was on this occasion surrounded, he was careful to abstain from such an exhibition.

The theme he selected was a solemn one, and he was grand, although occasionally led away by his over lively imagination.

Albrechtsberger was next called upon to take his seat at the organ. The scientific manner in which he handled the theme he chose was marvellous; under his fingers it grew into a fugue, his pallid cheeks gradually became flushed, and when his audience imagined they had heard every possible variety in the working of the theme, the pedal as it repeated it rendered the effect yet more powerful and more exciting. Mozart observed to Seyfried directing his attention to Albrechtsberger: "That's the man to teach you composition, Nazerl (Ignatius): none ever yet came up to him!" He died in the year 1909.

(To be continued.)

HENRI HERZ—REMINISCENCES OF HIS TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

(Translated from "*La France Musicale*," by W. Grilliers.)

Continued from page 678.

THEATRES, INSTITUTIONS, AND MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

Before my arrival at New York, I was far from supposing I should there find musical institutions perfectly identical with those established in all the principal capitals of Europe. I had been for the last twenty years one of the most faithful frequenters of the Italian Opera in Paris, and had imagined that beyond the ocean I should meet with nothing more than national theatres, presenting no interest to a stranger, and of no utility to art. I had been told that the puritanism of the North-American in no way permitted his partaking of our intellectual enjoyments, so that I was equally surprised and pleased to learn that New York was in possession of a perfectly organized Italian Opera, and, owing to the activity, intelligence, and energy of its Director, Mr. Maretzek, was as prosperous as he could wish. I have known few *impresarij* able to combine the musical and managerial knowledge of this gentleman. I have since learnt that before going to the United States Mr. Maretzek had been vocal director of Her Majesty's Theatre in London. At the Italian Opera of Astor Place I have heard some of the operas which have the greatest popularity in Italy, viz., *Norma*, *I Puritani*, *Don Pasquale*, *Ernani*, *I Due Foscari*, *L'Elisir D'Amore*, *Otello*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, &c. &c. They were played in a very satisfactory manner; the orchestra was led by Mr. Maretzek with an irreproachable *maestria*; the singers, most willing to obey such a conductor, exerted their utmost to obtain the applause of an enthusiastic public. I have often been present at the performances of Astor Place, and more than once have I fancied myself at the Italian Opera of Paris.

But it was not the Italian Opera of New York alone that brought back to me London and Paris. I was still more astonished to see societies resembling our *Conservatoire*, and others in the style of the "Ancient Concerts" of London.

The Philharmonic Society owes its foundation and continuance to the devotedness of a few musicians, the greater number of them having been instructed in the academies of Europe. They have been fortunate enough to obtain the financial help of a few rich amateurs. At their meetings the symphonies of the greatest German masters are performed, but principally those of Beethoven; these are played with the love of art, and with remarkable intelligence. I, however, observed that the conductor, Mr. Loder, (a studious and indefatigable musician,) in general took the movements more rapidly than Habeneck, of the Parisian *Conservatoire*.

Another society, founded upon the same basis as the "Ancient Concerts" of London, is exclusively devoted to the performance of works by the old masters. I think that Mozart and Beethoven are regarded as authors of yesterday, who have not yet had time to get through purgatory. Illustrious dead! before you can attain this terrestrial paradise, several generations must have passed away; and when nearly forgotten by the living, it is there, in that sanctum of ancientism, you receive shelter, that you are regenerated! The artist who directs these concerts is Mr. Hill. He is one of those men whose character is as sanguine as their

zeal is indefatigable. The legacies of the old masters, instead of relaxing his courage, only seems to add fresh energy to his untiring and indomitable perseverance. It could be said without exaggeration that, in case of need, he could almost bring the dead to life.

By the side of these institutions, which are deeply rooted in the musical feeling of the country, several have been formed under various names, such as the Ethiopians, the Minstrels, &c. These consist of six, eight, or ten singers, who blacken their faces and hands with soot, so as to give themselves the appearance of negroes. Every evening crowds assemble to hear their barbarous songs, sometimes for one, sometimes for several voices. The principal aim of these singular performances—if one can judge by the boisterous hilarity which greets the end of each verse—is evidently to try the risible faculties of the audience. Sometimes, however, these strange songs are characterized by a delightful simplicity and *naïveté*; and what tends to increase the interest they occasionally present to an European, is the strange manner in which they are accompanied. Guitars of the most extraordinary shape, violins almost in pieces, and a tambourine, are in general the instruments most in requisition. But the one to which the greatest preference is given and which consequently is the most frequently employed, consists of the jaw bones of a horse; these struck against each other with the most astonishing rapidity produce an extraordinary—and not to say barbarous—effect.* The analogy of this instrument assuredly cannot be traced to any of our orchestras. Oftentimes these artists are in possession of various other talents: some of them after singing will dance, and then astonish by feats of strength and dexterity. I have seen them on a kind of table exhibit "pas" and figures not advisable for any of even our most accomplished dancers to practise in presence of the municipal guard instructed with the moral conduct of the frequenters of "Mabile or the Chaumiere." What is worthy of a passing notice is, that these concerts are the most patronized, and several individuals have been cited to me, who had made considerable sums by the undertaking of these buffoon entertainments.

THE THOUSAND LIGHTS.

I return to my concerts and thereby gain an opportunity of relating an adventure which occurred to me a few days previous to my departure from New York. Seeing the public still respond to my numerous calls, I thought to profit by the ascendant I seemed to have obtained over the more enlightened part of the population, and took the opportunity of giving some classical works, something of a higher standard than fantasias or simple variations. I then announced for performance some of the symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart, some of the works of Mendelssohn and Berlioz, and a few quartetts by Onslow, and various other classic pieces, all tending to elevate and instruct. I must here observe that in New York it is not—as in Europe—the upper classes alone who frequent and patronize concerts, every one there is desirous of hearing and listening to every artist who brings with him the least reputation from our continent, individuals of every grade, clerks, artisans, workmen, workwomen, from high to low, each class is mixed and amalgamated at these public reunions, and I may add that musical sentiment is found as equally developed in these intermediate, as in the highest sphere of society, there is equality of intelligence as there is equality of rights, this perhaps in a great measure explains how I was able to give the number of concerts I did to continually increasing audiences.

Still the fear of perceiving any decrease in the public curiosity kept me incessantly on the look out for something new. My imagination began to tire at this delicate and difficult task. I had completely exhausted my inventive faculty, my powers of imagination were undisguisedly at a stand still, but fortunately I had a secretary who would have undertaken to fan an expiring flame into the most dazzling brightness. He was one of those agents who seem to spring on American land. I do not doubt but what

* This is nothing more than our well known "bones," the indispensable accompaniment of all rightly constituted nigger companies, or Ethiopian serenaders. There must be some mistake when Mr. Herz mentions the jaw bones of a horse.—Translator.

there must have been a few of such among the companions of Améric Vespuce and Columbus, I however can affirm that it would be with the greatest amount of difficulty we should be able to find in Europe such men as Barnum or Ullman, and if I was not acquainted with Mr. Belloni, the friend and secretary of Listz, I would assert they were undiscoverable. One day then, I was somewhat troubled to give an additional interest to my programme. I enquired of my secretary if he could forge anything from his inexhaustible store of imagination, something that would startle and arouse public curiosity to the utmost. To this question he for a few moments is silent, he leans his head upon his two hands apparently plunged in deep reverie, all at once he rises and with a nervous agitation impossible to describe and the enthusiasm of an inspired, cries:

"I have found it! I have found it!" in a tone as if he had absolutely discovered a new world.

"But what?" said I, astonished at so much confidence and assurance.

"Well then, what say you? *a thousand lights.*"

"What mean you? how a thousand lights."

"Never mind; we have found it; I will answer for the rest."

"But still I must comprehend; it is me and not you, who gives the concert."

Without answering my question he only adds,

"I will forthwith go and announce there will be a thousand lights."

"But what analogy can there be between my concert and a thousand lights?"

"Cannot you perceive?"

"By my faith no, that I cannot, and I beg you will explain the enigma."

"You shall see, you shall see, all New York will rush to your concert. I'll say no more."

Our conversation at this point came to a complete stand still from the impossibility of my obtaining another word from my obstinate interlocutor. I had almost forgotten the circumstance, when two days after in walking down the Broadway I perceived a gigantic bill, upon which appeared in tremendous sized letters my name, illuminated by the foregoing thousand lights. I could for a moment hardly believe my eyes, but there were bill, letters, and the thousand lights staring me full in the face, quite impossible to doubt their reality. I was very vexed, and intended to let my secretary know it. At that moment I perceived him advancing towards me with a face beaming with joy, and to all appearances in expectation of receiving the warmest congratulations.

"Have those bills immediately torn down," said I impatiently and somewhat irritated; "I cannot and will not countenance such a proceeding."

"You might as well order me to throw three thousand piastres into the sea."

And he was right, for so it would have been; all the tickets for the concert had been bought up in one day, and many were sold at advanced prices by auction. By five o'clock on the day of the concert crowds were already besieging the doors, and when they were opened the building was immediately invaded by an unceasing and endless tide of people. I am unwillingly obliged to confess, the thousand lights met with greater success than myself. It was to no purpose I played my *Rondo Russe*, every one seemed preoccupied with something beyond the music, all eyes were fixed upon another point, each face was upturned; I for my own part was completely mystified. All at once in the middle of the most important piece, a gentleman requests the honour of a word with me, I of course grant it, and he, approaching me with the most perfect simplicity and immovable seriousness, said,

"But sir, there is not a thousand."

"Eh! What?"

"Did you not announce a thousand lights?"

It was only at that moment I was able to explain the inattention which had taken possession of the audience. The Americans are above all calculating the positive to a degree, the public had been intent upon counting the number of lights, and my querist who had interrupted me in so sudden and inopportune a manner had made certain there required about twenty more lights to arrive at a thousand.

The next morning the newspapers did not fail to relate this incident, which to them did not at all appear remarkable or surprising.* While upon this subject it affords me great satisfaction to give a few details I gathered with care, about the press of New York: they appear to me of a nature alike interesting to artist and public.

THE NEWSPAPERS OF NEW YORK.

There is in New York about a dozen political daily papers, of which eight are published in the morning and four in the afternoon. There are besides three or four weekly papers published on Saturday, and four on Sunday morning; one or two monthly or half-monthly reviews. All these publications are written in English; there are, in addition to the above, two or three German newspapers, and one French.

The American press in general is devoted almost exclusively to commerce and politics. Theatres, music, and the fine arts have not that corner reserved for them, which by us is named the "*feuilleton*." Certain papers, more bigotted than others, entirely prescribe from their columns all notices, reviews, or analysis of concerts and theatres as things too futile and unreligious. But this excess of Puritanism is becoming more and more scarce; the press in general is full of sympathy, good-will, and hospitableness for artists. The American press has been accused of being venal, and of pursuing a kind of conduct far from honest or loyal, viz.:—that of levying a tax, or, as the Americans have named it (doubtless from the Scotch), *Black-mail* or *Black-tax*, and to a certainty, were such the case, no more appropriate name could be found. But I have been able to judge and see by my own experience that in this accusation there entered a good deal of slander and calumny.

The journal which has incurred the greatest number of these insinuations has been the *Herald*; it has the largest circulation, and it directs influences and establishes public opinion more than any other newspaper. Its proprietor, James Gordon Bennett, gains, by his manner of pursuing *journalism*, lots of dollars, but at the same time numerous enemies; but the possession of the first of these consoles him for the second; he sells 30,000 copies of his daily, and 40,000 of his weekly edition. The *Herald* devotes more attention to arts and artists than any other political newspaper; it is as devoted an adherent and friend as it is an implacable and inexorable enemy. I am not able to say if it is the most appreciated, but, most undoubtedly, it is the most feared; the managers of theatres seek before everything to conciliate this powerful and fearful organ of the press of New York. Mr. Bennett, its editor, is a Scotchman by birth; he has taken for a fellow-labourer Mrs. Bennett, whose department is the noticing of concerts and theatricals. This fair (in regard to personal appearance) critic is of Irish origin. Between the two they combine wit enough for four.

The newspapers which have the largest circulation after the *Herald* is the *Tribune*, it has for its editor Mr. Horace Greeley, a man of astonishing originality; he combines a mixture of Fourier and Whig-ism, he is an Utopist, which however is counterbalanced by the practical man. He is backed by Messrs Taylor and Snow, two talented writers. The *Sun* is conducted by Mr. Beech, father and son, who humbug and journalize at the same time. Their *Sun* which is sold at a halfpenny a number, shines mostly upon the people who patronize it to the extent of 40,000 a-day. This however did not prevent some jealous workmen abandoning it (under the pretext of its dazzling with a false brightness, and raising an opponent and competitor under the name of the *True Sun*. No one has yet thought of publishing the *Moon*.

The *Courier and Enquirer* has less subscribers than the *Herald* or *Sun*, but it is one of the most influential papers of the Union. If the *Herald* is somewhat the *Presse* of New York, the *Courier and Enquirer* is the *Journal des Débats*. It has for editors and proprietors Colonel Webb and Messrs. Charles King and Raymond.

* We do not at all feel inclined to prostrate ourselves before the imaginative genius of Mr. Herz's secretary. Had he imagined "*the thousand and one lights*," we possibly might have been less sparing of our admiration, because he would then have established some sort of analogy between "*the thousand and one American lights*, and *the thousand and one Arabian nights*,"—Translator.

The musical department is entrusted to Mr. White, who has more than once given proofs of unflinching independence, and remarkable perspicuity of judgment. The *Journal of Commerce* is exclusively devoted to matter commercial and religious; its proprietors have at the same time a building called the *Tabernacle* for song, either profane or religious, which they let to artists in return for money. This is all they are able to do for them. The *Home Journal* is personified by Mr. Willis, the elegant author of some travels through Europe. He is the favourite writer of the ladies, and his journal is more frequently to be found in the drawing-room of Union Square than in the counting-houses of Pearl Street. He appreciates artists as an artist.

The *Express*, of which the political department is conducted by Mr. James Brooks and the musical by Mr. Otis, is both a morning and evening paper; it publishes two editions a day. It has for afternoon companion the *Evening Post*, edited by the celebrated and admired American poet Bryant. The *Commercial Advertiser* is written by Tuimann; he has an elegant and uncorrupted pen. The *Mirror* will be found a satisfactory account of fashionable taste for manners and customs by Mr. Fuller.

Foreign artists will always find in the Sunday papers as well as in the German a sympathetic support. The English journal *Albion* has for proprietor Doctor Bartlett, and for editor Mr. Watson, who unites in the highest degree the double talent of writer and musician.

There is besides these the French newspaper of New York called *Le Courier des Etats-Unis*, it owes its reputation and influence to Frédéric Gaillardet, the author of the *Tour de Nèze*, who has rendered a mutual service to French and American in being interpreter and giving to each the means of knowing and appreciating each other. The French artists have always received at his hands a kind and brotherly help. As a public man he has left no unpopular name in the New World, and moreover he has made his fortune. The *Courier of the United States* has now for editor Mr. Paul Arpin, a writer of some talent, and Mr. M. F. Gaillardet, who has become the Paris correspondent, so that nothing remarkable either in French art or politics is left unnoticed or unrecorded in its pages.

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

This society has just issued its Report for the Third Season, from which it appears that during the past fifteen months, the Society has given twelve public performances in the following order:—1850, April 19th, Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*; May 6th, Haydn's *Creation*; May 31st, *Creation* repeated; Dec. 5th, Handel's *Israel in Egypt*; Dec. 27, Handel's *Messiah*; 1851, Jan. 31st, Haydn's *Creation*, and Dr. Elvey's new anthem, "In that day;" Feb. 21st, *Creation*, and Dr. Elvey's anthem repeated; Feb. 28th, Handel's *Messiah*; March 28th, Handel's *Jephtha*; April 14th, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; May 7, a Selection of Cathedral Music, including the works of living composers; May 19th, Handel's *Messiah*. For each of these performances the subscribers have received two tickets, except for the *Creation* May 31st, and February 21st, and the *Messiah* February 28th and May 19th, which were considered repetitions, or extra performances; but for each of these one ticket was also sent to the subscribers, making together twenty admissions since the annual meeting in April, 1850. The following principal vocal performers have been engaged during the past season:—Miss Birch, Miss Catherine Hayes, Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Williams, Mrs. Temple, Miss Thornton, Miss Stewart, Miss Henderson, Miss Byers, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams, Miss Kent, Mr. T. Young, Mr. Turner, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Donald King, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Lawler, Mr. Leffler, Mr. Whitehouse, Mr. Bodda, &c. Of the

above list some were first introduced to the public at the concerts of this society. The Committee state they would most willingly produce new oratorios in quicker succession if they were equally attractive as those usually performed; this matter is constantly upon their minds, and having most valuable works at their command, they will not fail to bring them before their subscribers and the public when practicable. In presenting the cash account, the Committee refer with much pleasure to the amount of subscriptions, which presents an aggregate not to be equalled by any other musical society in the metropolis. Mr. H. Blagrove, formerly first violin with Mr. Francois Grumer at the Ancient Concerts, is the leader of the band. Mr. Jolly officiates as organist, and Mr. Surman, who has conducted the oratorios at Exeter Hall from the commencement, wields the baton as conductor both at rehearsals and performances.

Original Correspondence.

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In your leading article of No. 42, you alluded to the various schemes which have been afloat for the establishment of a "NATIONAL" ENGLISH OPERA, with reference to which, I beg leave to conclude the series of letters bearing my signature by addressing to you and your numerous readers the following explanation of the part I have taken in this affair.

It had long been obvious to the public that the national reproach of our being a non-musical people was a fictitious blot, rather than a real stain, caused by some mismanagement or other, whereby the true form of our musical power was not enabled to manifest itself. Competent executants were known to exist, highly talented composers have been abundantly acknowledged. English artistes have been called in to give additional lustre to the mighty effulgence of an Italian geology, and even continental exclusiveness has been thankful to accept the aid of British talent at Naples, Milan, Paris, &c., &c.; yet withal, we, as a nation, have never been able to support the existence of a single theatre exclusively devoted to the Lyric Muse, without entailing upon its proprietors such pecuniary loss as rendered it advisable to discontinue a policy which threatened universal ruin to all, except a fortunate (and cunning) few.

With a view to change, if not amend the system of operatic tactics, several schemers have set their wits to work, some advocate monopoly—others commonwealth principles, but most of them exhibiting selfishness either in an open or a concealed, that is to say disguised form—whereby their intentions have been frustrated. Under the class of schemers I must rank myself—disclaiming merely but *emphatically* any comminglement of selfishness—and taking rather, if you please, the onus of any ridicule which may be flung upon me for honesty of intention. My scheme has had this ending; it has fallen through the cowardice of its supporters, through a lack of confidence, through a want of *esprit de corps*, and partly through treachery in a quarter whence the greatest amount of assistance had been anticipated. The sum of £2,000 had been guaranteed in certain quarters for the purposes of cementing a musical league, and would have been forthcoming at the slightest evidence of a concordant association; yet all this has been forfeited, and probably all future patronage rendered more than doubtful through a feeling of all others the most unlooked for—namely a lack of union. In short, musicians seem universally to distrust EACH OTHER, and why!—let some bolder man than myself give answer—for my part, I neither desire to bring myself under opprobrium nor seek to bruise others, let therefore the feelings to which I have been witness lie buried in obscurity, I shall tell no tales.

Mr. Bunn is now lessee of Drury Lane Theatre and will perhaps benefit by the notoriety which former short-comings have

attained. He will have much in his power, but human nature is "*sui generis*," and he will serve his friends of course, without which failing he would be an ingrate; he will also, of course, serve the public, long before he will serve himself. He will doubtless seek diligently after rising genius, encourage it or lead it gently on, he will choose disinterestedly amidst the piles of MSS., which will be showered down upon him, for the *very best*, showing no favor, and will merit the plaudits of an admiring public by catering for its amusement in the true "*Soyer*" style, by supplying it with tit-bits *ad libitum*.

In the hope that some one—*perhaps the public*—will derive some ultimate benefit from the discussions which have arisen out of this question, I respectfully take my leave as the advocate of a NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

And have the honor to be, Sir,
Yours Obediently,
PHILO-MUSICA.

ANDANTE AND ANDANTINO.

(To the Editor of the "*Musical World*.")

SIR,—I observe that a correspondent of yours calls upon you, in your number of the 18th inst., to remind you of a promise which he attributes to you—to express your opinion on the meaning of the relative terms of Andante and Andantino, suggesting to you that you might procure the decision of a certain distinguished musician, and "so settle the matter at once."

Unfortunately, the matter cannot be settled quite so easily as your correspondent supposes; since there is a very widely diffused difference of understanding on the subject, but I will with your permission offer you such information on the question as lies within my reach.

To begin with the words themselves, Andante is from the Italian word "*ambulo*," (to walk,) and the Latin equivalents for it given in the *Vocabolario (Della Crusca)* are *ieus, proficiscens*. We must, upon this, take Andante to mean a certain degree of *onward* movement, but of no great rapidity. Of Andantino, the *Vocabolario* makes no mention; but as all agree that it is only an Italian diminutive of Andante, it follows that it must mean some *diminution* of that *onward* movement—in other words, a *slower* time than Andante. In the same manner, *Allegro*, which marks a quick time, has its quickness diminished by its diminutive *Allegretto*, and vice-versa. *Largo*, which means a *slow* time has its *slowness* diminished by its diminutive *Larghetto*. The language of itself, then, seems to decide the question. Nor are authorities wanting for the use of Andantino as a musical form. First and foremost, I would put the authority of the late Muzio Clementi, a native of Rome, who in his "*Gradus ad Parnassum*," expressly gives Andantino as slower than Andante. Both the supplements to the "*Dictionnaire de l'Academie*," (one of them by the *Academie* itself,) and Monsieur Laveaux, in his *Dictionnaire*, (one in great esteem) concur in this meaning; nor is it, I think, immaterial to direct your attention to the slow movement, E in flat, in Mozart's fourth Sonata, pianoforte and violin (Pleyel's edition), which is marked Andantino *Sostenuto Cantabile*, and which it seems impossible, from the depth and fulness of its sentiment, to doubt to *slower* been intended by that great composer to be played in a *have* time than Andante. One would say, then, that the case is now decided; but the lawyers step in and say, "*Audi alteram partem*," and we will indulge them.

First let us hear the stoutest champions of the opposite opinion. Messrs Chorán and Lafage, in their most elaborate work, "*Manuel Complet de Musique*," part first, page 72, have the following note—"Beaucoup de compositeurs ont employé ce mot '*Andantino*' pour indiquer un mouvement plus lent que l'*Andante*. C'est évidemment une erreur." But, unfortunately, these gentlemen, while they declare that many composers entertain this opinion, have not condescended to tell us how it comes to be so *evident* that this opinion is an error. The next, and better authority I would mention, is that of Alberti de Villeneuve, who in his *French and Italian Dictionary*, one of the highest repute, says, "*Andantino—Diminuet di Andante, ed esprime un poco più di vivacità della musica.*" In the *Dizionario della*

Musica of Lichtenenthal, a German by birth, but who lived twenty years in Italy, and wrote his *Dizionario* in Italian, we have "*undantino—Dimin di Andante è della stessa esecuzione, ma d' n movimento un po' vivo.*" Finally, I find in the "*Dizionario della lingua Italiana*," of the date of 1829, the same account, verbatim, as is given by Alberti.

In this conflict of opinion what is to be done? We can, I fear, only exercise our judgment in each particular case, as I have presumed to do in the case of Mozart's movement above spoken of. But I cannot doubt that the *proper* meaning of the word itself, backed, too, by such authorities as we have seen, marks a *slower* time than Andante. If I am asked how the error could have got into Italian dictionaries, I can only say that Andante movements, standing almost always in the place of *slow* movements, the diminutive word has been hastily taken as a diminution of *slowness*, and not in its proper sense, and so passed from one to another, in a matter not seeming of any great importance to dictionary makers.

I am, sir, yours obediently,
OCT. 22nd, 1851. AN OLD AMATEUR.

THE LATE MADAME DULCKEN.

(To the Editor of the "*Musical World*.")

Dear Sir,—I shall feel greatly obliged if you will please to inform me where it was the late Madam Dulcken intended to have given a concert the same week she died. It was at some town about 40 or 50 miles from London. If you can inform me the name of the town I shall feel obliged.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,
A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.

[Can any of our readers supply our Correspondent with the required information?—Ed. M. W.]

BURNEY'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "*Musical World*.")

SIR,—In your number of the 18th instant, H. J. T. enquires where Burney's History of Music can be obtained. It has been recently published by Mr. Bohn of York Street, and forms part of his Standard Library.

I have not at present seen your subsequent number, and am therefore in ignorance whether the information sought by your correspondent is already given him.

Wisbech, 28th October, 1851.

Poetry.

THE CHILD'S SONG.

O pretty Robin, gentle Robin!
Tell me where ye sleep at night,
When the wintry wind is blowing,
And the snow is falling white.
Have ye got like me a dwelling
That is fond, and kind, and warm,
When the angry wind is swelling,
To protect you from all harm.

"Ah, no, no," replied the Robin
I have got no home like thee;
All the lone night I sit nodding
On a cold and thorny tree.
Long and dreary hours I number,
And enjoy but transient rest;
Sitting half-benum'd, I slumber,
With my bill upon my breast."

Come then, Robin, every morning
I will give thee drink and food,
When the sun is not adorning
Garden-flowers and leafy wood.
Thus the pretty bird said fondly,
"I will sing sweet songs to thee,
If you treat me thus so kindly;
When the blossom's on the tree."

ANDREW PARK.

Foreign.

PARIS.—(From a Correspondent.)—After three representations of *Lucrezia Borgia*, in the last two of which Madame Barbieri Nini followed up her success of the first night—it may be said, triumphantly—Mademoiselle Corbari and Signor Calzolari made their *rentrée* in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Since Mademoiselle Corbari's first visit to Paris, some four or five years since, her time has been principally expended in England and Russia, where she obtained equal favour and patronage. Mademoiselle Corbari was engaged by Mr. Lumley as *comprimaria* at Her Majesty's Theatre—this was her first appearance in London. She was next engaged at Covent Garden, where she played Elvira in *Don Giovanni*, the Princess in *Roberto il Diavolo*, Adelgisa in *Norma*, &c., &c. She subsequently went to St. Petersburg, where for two or three seasons, she was a great favourite with the audiences of the Imperial Theatre. Mademoiselle Corbari appeared for the first time before a Parisian audience as *prima donna*. The Lucia of the fair *cantatrice*, both in singing and acting, was an excellent performance. Mademoiselle Corbari, with her charming face and figure, her graceful and picturesque attitudes, natural always, her beautiful voice, so fresh and sympathetic, and the true feminine feeling which lends so much interest to all she does, could not fail to prove highly successful in such a part as the heroine of Donizetti's opera. Accordingly, Mademoiselle Corbari was listened to throughout with delight, and received at the end with genuine warmth. There was certainly no *furor*—no great enthusiastic demonstration—but the Parisians have been long since envious with the Lucia, and, musically speaking, consider it a bore. Calzolari sang well, occasionally very finely. The new barytone, Fortini, made no advance. I fear he is no acquisition to Mr. Lumley's corps. Susini promises better. He has a fine deep bass voice, and sings well. I learn that the *Italiana in Algeri* is in rehearsal; but for whom, or to what purpose is beyond my fathom to reach. There are many other operas of Rossini much worthier of revival than this. For instance, the *Turco in Italia*, *Armida*, or some of the earlier works of the master. Meanwhile Paris is awaiting the *rentrée* of la Cruvelli, who, I understand, will make her first appearance this season in *Norma*. Subsequently will be produced for her *Fidelio*, *Sonnambula*, *Semiramide*, &c., &c. Guasco, it is said, will make his *début* in *Ernani* with Cruvelli. I am most anxious to hear this tenor, for whom everybody has a strong word of praise.

At the *Académie Royale* they are rehearsing *La Reine de Chypre* for the *rentrée* of Roger and Massol, and the *début* of Madame Tedesco. The last named lady is a myth. She is a Spaniard, brought up in Italy, who has been singing at the Havanna and in some of the American States for several years, as I am told, with immense success. I read all the American papers, and I confess I do not remember ever reading her name. A person who heard her in America not long ago told me she is a splendid singer, but rather fanciful. Whether her style will please the Parisians or not remains to be seen. She may be a second Malibran. Alboni's engagement is drawing to a close. I heard her lately in the *Prophète*, the *Favorite*, and the *Corbeille d'Oranges*, and I really think she sings better than ever. A new candidate for Terpsichorean honor, in the person of Mademoiselle Bagdanoff, pupil of St. Leon, made her *début* in the *Vivandière*, with success.

BERLIN.—(From our Correspondent.)—Spontini's *Olympia* has been produced here with great success. The composer's widow assisted at the representation, and altogether the per-

formance was one of great interest. Of the music I am hardly enabled to judge from one hearing. As far as my judgment goes, Spontini seems to be the very antithesis to Rossini. His music appears always laboured, and I find little or no flow of tune, like that which pervades the compositions of the immortal author of the immortal *Barbiere*. But Spontini, on the other hand possesses that conscientiousness and determination which Rossini required. Every piece betrays the hand of the anxious and painstaking workman; and sometimes, no doubt, from the o'er-laboured brain and long consideration proceeds that which may take its place alongside the efforts of inspiration and genius. It were hard upon humanity if it were not so. But of the music more another time. Mademoiselle Wagner appeared with immense *éclat* in the character of Statira. Her great height here was an advantage in place of a drawback; and her powerful and grand voice, and large style told with unprecedented effect. Indeed, I must say, I never admired Mdlle. Wagner so much. She made a great impression on all who heard her, and was received throughout with tremendous bursts of applause. Madame Kæster, as Olympia, also came in for her share of the enthusiasm. She sang very charmingly, and was not snuffed out by so huge an extinguisher as Mdlle. Wagner. Of the gentlemen I cannot report much that is favourable. The piece was put upon the stage in the most costly and magnificent manner.

NEW YORK.—(From Saroni's Musical Times.)—Miss Catherine Hayes has had no ordinary opposition to contend with, no common-place battle to fight, to attain the position to which she is justly entitled among us, as the truest, purest, and most distinguished vocal genius we have ever heard here. For five or six years past, more or less justly celebrated vocal artists have preceded her—one after another, by fair means or foul, creating some sort of enthusiasm. Every one possessed peculiar merits of his or her own, but not all succeeded exactly in proportion to those merits.

It is almost impossible for us to draw comparisons between Miss Hayes and any other Prima Donna we have ever heard. She is "herself alone;" her power is equal throughout the entire register of her voice. Her articulation both in English and Italian is perfectly distinct and unobstructed in the most difficult chromatic or diatonic passages. The Italian will understand the words of her "*Ah! non giunge*," as well as the Frenchmen her "*Ah, mon fils*;" the Scotchman will be equally delighted with her "*Oh dinna think, bonnie lassie*," as the Irishman with her "*Savourneen Deelish*."

Her perfection and power of *sostenuto* have seldom been equalled, for what would appear almost insurmountable to many seems to come natural to her. Her invocation to the Virgin Goddess, "*Casta Diva*," was one continued outgushing of prayer to the Deity, whilst Agatha's great *scena* from *Der Freischütz*, was by her rendered a picture of the most impressive and serene beauty, subdued in the foreground, but with so effective a distribution of light and shade, clouds and sunshine over the canvass, that for the first time we began to appreciate and fully understand the meaning of that expressive word, "*Tongemälde*" (tone picture).

The ballads of a nation are the original expression of the nation's spirit, and more even than acts and deeds, popular songs show in words and melodies the peculiar characteristics of the people. Single individuals, however, are the speakers, the interpreters for all—and the lyrical form of these national expressions, is the only one that remains for untold ages. Catherine Hayes is *par excellence* the interpreter of her own country's ballads. Her characteristic, mellow, and soulful expression, her feeling, pure and impressive enunciation tell the

story of her ballad better than music and poetry united, ever told it before. All this we said and thought when we were enraptured with her Irish ballads alone, but great was our pleasure and astonishment, when we found her equally great, equally impressive in Scotch and English ballads. She is the ballad singer of our age, and none other that we know of can we compare to her.

We shall take a future opportunity of noticing her performance of sacred music, in which, as in ballads, she excels, by the subdued intensity of her style. For the present, we will no longer dwell upon a subject with which we are so strongly impressed, so truly delighted, that we could write on for pages more, but for the fear of abusing our readers' (we only mean those who have not heard her) patience.

MADAME ANNA THILLON.—Niblo's Theatre was crowded in all parts, on Tuesday evening, to witness Madame Thillon's performance of Marie, in *La Fille du Regiment*. Her conception and execution were alike true and brilliant, and caused a tempest of applause, and frequent demands for repetition, with only two of which she complied. We should like to hear Madame Thillon in a serious opera. In the *Crown Diamonds* and the *Child of the Regiment*, the gay, light-hearted girl, has but one occasional shade of deeper feeling, gone ere it is noted. We should like the opportunity of seeing and hearing her when a loftier idea pervades her representations, and she seems to be fighting the battle of life in sad earnest, and with other weapons than a garland and a smile. Shall we have this pleasure, Mr. Niblo?

JENNY LIND denies that she has any intention of appearing on the stage, and in a letter to Mr. Jay, her counsel, in New York, thus decides the question:

"I have not the most remote idea of ever again returning to the stage; and although I usually treat with perfect indifference the reports and sayings of writers in newspapers, or otherwise, yet I should feel really thankful to you to state that no inducement whatever can tend to make me change my mind in reference to the resolution I have adopted to quit the stage."

Jenny Lind will sing in Buffalo on the 15th instant, and thence proceeded to Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and New York, arriving here about the middle of December, to give a few farewell concerts here and in Boston.

DEATH OF LADY LOUISA STUART.—In London, on the 4th, died Lady Louisa Stuart, aged nearly ninety-four; the youngest daughter of the Minister, Earl of Bute, and grand-daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague; the lady to whom we owe the charming "Introductory Anecdotes" prefixed to the late Lord Wharnccliffe's edition of Lady Mary's Works. Lady Louisa remembered to have seen her grandmother, Lady Mary, when at old Wortley's death that celebrated woman returned to London after her long and still unexplained exile from England. Lady Louisa herself was a charming letter-writer.—*Athenaeum*.

DEATH OF MISS HARRIET LEE.—At Clifton, on Friday, the 1st instant, died Miss Harriet Lee, at the advanced age of ninety-five. Miss Lee is best known as having in her "German's Tale" of the "Canterbury Tales" (a miscellany of little romances by herself and her sister,) furnished Lord Byron with the plot of his play of *Werner*. Mere old-fashioned novel-readers, who are given to weary at the philanthropy, philosophy, and preaching, which threaten to turn our thousand-and-one tales into something more like "Evening Services" than "Arabian Nights," will find in her vigour and clearness of invention a merit which of itself deserves to keep the name of the novelist alive. The "Canterbury Tales" evidences vigour and clearness of invention, and invariably an elegant and neat style. Miss Lee wrote a few plays, but they met with little success. In her youth she joined her sister in keeping a school at Bath.

Dramatic.

SADLERS WELLS.—The engagement of Miss Fanny Vining at this theatre is politic in the management and fortunate for herself. This lady first attracted public notice two years ago at the Marylebone Theatre, where, among other things, she played Romeo to Mrs. Mowatt's Juliet. She joined Mr. Anderson last Christmas at Drury Lane, but was allowed little opportunity for exertion. At Sadlers Wells she will have abundant room for displaying her resources and maturing the promise of her dramatic nonage. Miss Vining's personal attractions are considerable. To a handsome and expressive countenance she unites a form at once elegant and striking. As this is her first engagement to perform regularly in the higher walks of the drama, it would be hazardous, as yet, to speak with confidence of her powers. Her performance of Beatrice in *Much ado about Nothing*, possesses both truthfulness of conception and felicity of execution. The passages of wit and raillery are her best; but the latter scenes are not wanting in the same vivacity of conception, for example—

Beat.—You have staid me in a happy hour; I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene.—Then do it with all thy heart.

Beat.—I love you with so much of my heart that there is none left to protest.

The natural grace and simplicity with which she delivered the last words—spreading out her arms and letting her hands fall gently on her lover's shoulders, was her best point, and well deserved the applause it obtained. She should not after this have missed other opportunities of the same kind. Her performance in *Katherine and Petruchio* was not so clever, owing probably to the fewer opportunities the part affords. Should this lady attain the reputation of which she has already given sign, it will not be the first time that the genial atmosphere of Sadlers Wells has nurtured latent talent to a fair maturity.

SURREY.—When Mr. Barnett produced the *Mountain Sylph*, some fifteen years ago at the Lyceum, Mr. Arnold, the then manager, was compelled to withdraw the opera soon after its production from its want of attraction. The work, however, thus rejected with indifference, soon became popular and is even now drawing nightly crowds to the Surrey Theatre; and it must be gratifying to the author, who never stooped to propitiate "the many-headed beast," to find the products of his muse gradually taking their proper stand in public esteem. The *Mountain Sylph* is well played at the Surrey, wanting only a somewhat stronger chorus, and a little more clearness and precision in the concerted pieces. In the part of Eolia, the histrionic as well as vocal powers of Miss Poole are brought into full requisition, and she looks, acts, and moves as charmingly as she sings—stooping from trees and gliding through walls with the very footfall of a fairy; the grace and simplicity of her motions being aided by her light and elegant form. We would recommend, however, a simple rose in place of the double wreath of small flowers which encircle her brows. It is to be regretted that the fairy-heroine of the piece has not a larger share of the music allotted to her. *Ernani* was produced on Monday, and *La Gazza Ladra* will be the next novelty. Of *Ernani* more next week.

PUNCH'S PLAYHOUSE, STRAND THEATRE.—A new piece entitled *Circumstantial Evidence*, from the prolific brain of Morris Barnett, was produced on Monday night. It possesses all the elements of genuine comedy, and has the advantage of being not only admirably written, but the characters are artistically grouped. If at moments it grazes the confines of

broad farce, it never overleaps the boundaries of probability. Hence the extravagance never offends, and the peals of laughter which the oddity of the situations elicit, are the natural result of the opposition of the characters and the dilemmas in which they are placed. Mr. Comfit, a retired pastry-cook (Mr. R. Romer), has a lovely daughter, named Sacharissa Comfit (Miss Maskell), and is anxious to bestow her in marriage on a literary gentleman, and contributor to the *Ladies Magazine*, named Byron Jenkins Scraps, Esq. (Mr. Belton). The lady, however, prefers a person of her own choice, a Mr. Charles Callimanco, a linendraper's gentleman (Mr. Moreland), but old Comfit will hear of nothing else but a union with his favourite Scraps, in whose head he believes all the learning and acquirements of the age are concentrated. Mr. Scraps, however, unluckily for himself, was more intimate with another person, a certain Polly Pearlsh, a clear-starcher and getter-up of fine linen (Miss Marshall) than the old pastry-cook would approve of, and to add to his difficulties, this said Polly, in a fit of jealousy, stabbed herself with a scissors, and to his horror and alarm fell dead—as he believed—at his feet, from the effects of the wound. In making from the house to avoid detection, and dreading that a charge of murder would have been preferred against him, he encounters honest Joey Snubbs, the pot-boy, and, imagining he will name what had been done, contrives to purchase his silence by various presents of money. The most amusing, and indeed the principal portion of the piece, consists in the ludicrous scenes which ensue between them. Scraps has not a moment's peace lest he should be detected; he fears the approach of a policeman in every gust of wind that blows—while on the other hand the pot-boy haunts him as if he were his shadow, receives money on all occasions without knowing why it is so, attributing his unlooked-for good fortune to the generosity of his new friend, whom he believes to be a real banker. Mr. Rogers not only played the pot-boy with his usual power, but he looked one, even without the assistance of the "pots" that accompanied him in all his wanderings. The Scraps of Mr. Belton was everything that could be desired from a man who contributed to a *Ladies' Magazine*, a poet, and one over whose head was suspended, as he conceived, the sword of the executioner. It turned out, however, that Polly did not stab herself, and that "Joey," therefore, knew nothing of the act which Scraps conceived had been committed, and that all he did was to raise her from the ground on which she had fallen. The piece terminates of course, with the removal of the agony of Scraps, and the marriage of Sacharissa to Mr. Callimanco. The applause at the fall of the curtain was enthusiastic, and Mr. Bolton and Miss Marshall were called before the curtain. "*Circumstantial Evidence*," has been the great hit of the season.

Provincial.

MANCHESTER—(From our own Correspondent)—We are glad to see that any short comings in our reports, from time to time, are likely to be made up to you from one source or other; and we feel much obliged to "A Correspondent from Manchester" in last week's *Musical World* for eking out our very imperfect, and avowedly inadequate, notice of Mr. Glover's *Emanuel*.

His strictures on our "slight inaccuracies," as he terms them, we think are hardly deserved. Who that has listened to it can ever forget for a moment Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, which, in our idea, differs essentially from the subject of Handel's *Messiah*. It is one passage the most exalted in the Redeemer's career on earth, not his gracious advent; and does not tread on the same ground nearly as much as Mr. Glover's libretto. However we,

unlike your unknown correspondent, do know Mr. Glover personally, and are not "almost a stranger to him," consequently we do not wish to stickle or to be fastidious as to the amount of his daring. *Emanuel* is doubtless a work of no little talent, and reflects great credit on its author. We should be very glad to see its merits reviewed by some clever and honest musician; we use the word *honest* advisedly,—for it is unfortunately but too notorious, that in the musical profession there is more jealousy than in any other. Mr. Macfarren is a glorious exception; and it is really grateful to read his eloquent analyses of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c. &c., and to find a composer not only giving a glowing eulogium on the works of a recently departed competitor, but so justly appreciating all his beauties of execution and intention, as he did the gifted Mendelssohn. It was not until Friday the 17th that we had an opportunity of going to any one of our short series of Italian Operas. What with the Queen's visit, and one thing or other, *Lucrezia Borgia* was the only opera we could get to. To tell the truth, the operas prior to that did not hold out much inducement, although we were very desirous to see and hear Madame Clara Novello on the stage. *La Sonnambula*, *I Furlani*, *L'Elisir D'Amore*, *Il Barbiere* (the best of the lot, but imperfectly cast and given), and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, have all been done a good deal here, and with higher talent; so, at the risk of again being called "fastidious," we did not go to the Opera here until Madame Clara Novello's benefit—the aforesaid Friday—when we were most agreeably surprised and delighted by a very well got up and respectable performance of Donizetti's *chef d'œuvre* (in our opinion). Madame Clara Novello pleased us much by her conception of the character of *Lucrezia* and her rendering of the music. She failed in impersonating the vengeful poisoner, from her want of *physique*. She looked too young to be the mother of Gennaro (Sims Reeves); and her figure is too *petite* to give us the idea of the *Lucrezia*. Her voice, too, wants fulness and volume for such a part, but her execution and intonation were faultless. She gave all the favourite pieces, "Come e bello" and the celebrated "M'odi ah! m'odi!" with exquisite feeling and finish, and was equally good in the angry duet with the Duke, and the impassioned one with Gennaro, as well as in the beautiful trio with the two. Sims Reeves pleased us more in Gennaro than any character we have yet seen him in; his voice we always liked, not his style; and the reason for our liking him in Gennaro was that he *shouted less and whispered* seldomer; consequently his delivery of the music was more natural and more equal. He wore a splendid dress. Whitworth made an excellent Duke Alfonso; he dressed the part very becomingly indeed. It consisted of an easy-fitting simple dark myrtle silk velvet tunic, with a gold cord and tassel at the waist, and a collar (like the order of the garter), with white silk tights. He sang the music like a careful artist, and his fine bass voice told well in the vengeance song, and the trio "Guai se ti sfugge," which last was most rapturously and deservedly encored. Miss Rebecca Isaacs looked a plump and pretty page as Orsini, and gained an encore for her spirited version of the "Brindisi," repeating only the last strain. The dead Gennaro and no less lifeless *Lucrezia* were both recalled; and not satisfied with that, the audience would make them retire to bring on the Duke and Orsini. Such is the prevailing fashion of showing delight at a clever performance! It wants reforming altogether. *Lucrezia* was repeated on Saturday week, being Madame Clara Novello's last night. Since then English versions have been given of *Sonnambula*, *Norma*, and *Don Giovanni*, a Madame Oswald being added to the company.

Hallé's Classical Chamber Concerts begin this evening at the Town Hall, a series of eight, to end in February next. We hope to be present (and to report them) at the greater portion, if not the whole, of them. This evening, too, the Glee and Madrigal Union give their first concert in Manchester. Such a party as Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss Williams, Messrs. Francis, Land, Lockey Whitehouse and H. Phillips is not to be matched in the kingdom, much less surpassed; and we are sorry we cannot be at the Free Trade Hall and the Town Hall at the same time. There now is a fine opportunity for your last new contributor 'A Correspondent'; there is 'ample room and verge enough' for one writer or three writers to contribute articles on "Music at Man

chester" at present, besides our brief and often hasty lucubrations.

An undress concert took place at the Concert Hall, last week, but "your own correspondent" not being a subscriber, is not admissible, as we have before said—are any of your other contributors more privileged? Mr. Knowles, of the Theatre Royal, too, has forgotten the *Musical World*, and does not continue to be as liberal as Mr. H. B. Peacock, or Mr. Charles Hallé, or Mr. Glover; however, when there is talent at the Theatre Royal in opera, combined with novelty, we are pretty sure to be there, and to let you hear of it.

Mr. Thomas Chantry is added to the list of artistes engaged to give a series of concerts at the Mechanics' Institution. Last season he played a pianoforte solo at three of their concerts, and received a double encore every time.

Mr. Charles Hallé's first Classical Chamber Concert took place at the Town Hall on Thursday, the 23rd inst. The following was the programme:—

PART FIRST.

Grand Quintet, pianoforte, violin, tenor, violoncello, and contrabasso, in D minor, Op. 74.....	Hummel.
Song, "Adelaide,".....	Beethoven.
Grand Sonata, Pianoforte, in C, Op. 24.....	Weber.

PART SECOND.

Grand Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, in C minor, Op. 1.....	Beethoven.
Ballad, "In this old Chair,".....	Balfe
Miscellaneous Selection, pianoforte, Nocturne, in F minor, Op. 55; Grand Polonaise, in A flat, Op. 53	Chopin.

The present season is the fifth of Mr. Charles Hallé's Chamber Concerts. The Manchester Town Hall is by no means well adapted for Chamber music—being too lofty, and having a large dome in the centre, which is anything but favourable for acoustic effects. The Hall seemed large, gloomy, and at first cheerless and cold; nothing like the air of comfort and social ease about it that give all the charm of a private drawing room to the old locales in the departed Assembly Rooms. By degrees, however, as the room filled, and the light was increased, by the simple *coup du theatre* of turning on more gas, the hall assumed a more lively aspect; and at eight o'clock Mr. Charles Hallé made his bow and took his place at a magnificent new pianoforte of Erards', whilst his four able string coadjutors took theirs to give us Hummel's fine quintet. We very soon were so charmed as to forget all about the room, except that we were in it and listening to a very masterly performance of a tasteful and clever composition. Since we last heard him Hallé seems to have increased his command over the resources of the pianoforte (or is it that all we have heard in the interval causes us to think more highly of him by comparison?); he seemed like a giant refreshed—not with wine—but with renewed inspiration and genius. The opening allegro very soon gave Hallé an opportunity of shewing his powers. The pianoforte is almost obligato all through the quartet; but in the first movement there are some very florid passages for the pianoforte, whilst the four stringed instruments are carrying on an independent or sustained harmony; the effect of the contra-basso in the hands of Mr. Ward was at times very fine, a couple of notes merely given out to lend a theme or subject being quite electrical. Messrs. Seymour, Baetens, and Lidel are equally deserving of praise on their respective instruments, and we thought a more auspicious opening could not have been made. The second movement, the *Scherzo*, was very charming; an easy flowing subject, reminding one of Mozart, with some splendid harmonies for the five instruments. The *andante* with variations, and the lively finale did not please us so much, although admirably calculated to display the powers of each and all the executants in turn. In some of the variations and solo bits for the violoncello, Lidel gave us his sweetness of tone most delightfully; Baetens too, with his tenor, was heard at times to great advantage; whilst Hallé, all through like the presiding genius of this feast of sweet sounds, was great and grand on the pianoforte. The quintet was much applauded. Weber's Sonata in C we do not remember to have heard before; it is of a wild yet bustling character, and afforded Hallé the opportunity of again displaying his wondrous power of memory and execution—being given without copy—and with his

usual mastery over his subject. Such power and largeness of style we have seldom heard on the pianoforte, yet how far removed from mere hammering and noise! and combined too with so much delicacy and ease. Beethoven's grand trio (in C minor, op. 1), is a work we have heard frequently with delight, and were glad to hear again from such executants as Hallé, Seymour, and Lidel. The allegro with its quaint subject so admirably worked out; the *andante* with its lovely variations; the short but lively minuet—and the stirring finale prestissimo, were all most perfectly given, and relished by the audience. As a musical wind up to this excellent instrumental treat, Hallé gave a selection of pieces, too greatly contrasted as usual, both by Chopin; the first a nocturne, in F minor—mournful and dreamy; the second, one of the most brilliant and joyous pieces it has been our lot to hear for some time—a grand polonaise in A flat—and grand it is in Hallé's hand in every sense of the word. Such a *crescendo*—such majesty—and withal such joyousness that makes your heart dance—not your feet; elevates the soul—not the limbs, or the body—sending every one home satisfied that Chopin, besides doing some extraordinary things, must have possessed great talent to produce such music, and that few can give to it such grandeur of expression as Charles Hallé. The vocal portion at these concerts we always leave to the last, although on this occasion, it was of a character quite in good keeping with the concert. Mr. Perring, a new tenor, who made his appearance at the concerts for the people, at the Free Trade Hall, on Monday last—was the only vocalist; he pleased the audience very much in two widely different songs—Beethoven's "Adelaide," accompanied by Hallé, and Balfe's "In this old chair," accompanied by himself; he gave both in excellent good taste, the first with varied feeling and expression as required; the second simply as a ballad. His voice is a high tenor, and he possesses a sweet falsetto—which he uses sparingly and judiciously. He will be a great acquisition to Manchester if he remains amongst us, as we have not before had so finished a tenor singer resident here, although we may have had some possessing naturally more power and depth of voice; he has both taste and judgment evidently, and has been educated in a good school. We shall gladly hear Mr. Perring again. Altogether we may congratulate Mr. Hallé on a most successful opening of his winter campaign of classical chamber concerts.

We were sorry to be too late with the article written for last week's number, in future will post them on Wednesday evening. We were also very sorry to have missed the second concert of the Glee and Madrigal Union on Saturday night last, which like the one on Thursday, we understand was exceedingly fine—only far better attended than the first concert. We had unluckily a prior engagement of a fortnight's standing, which we were compelled to fulfil. We hope that the Glee and Madrigal Union had such a reception on Saturday night, that the party may be induced to return to Manchester during their tour—as we should (and no doubt hundreds besides would), like to hear the most perfect glee singing ever heard in Manchester.

THE GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION, &c &c.—(From a Correspondent.)—The most gratifying treat to the musical amateur enjoyed here for a long time past, was that afforded by the highly talented *troupe* of artists known as the "Glee and Madrigal Union," who have favoured us with a couple of Concerts during the past week. The title they have assumed is indeed a happy one, for certainly such an *Union* of human voices was never before heard in this part of the kingdom, and in all probability may be never again. Although the good citizens of this locality had long plumed themselves on their possessing one of the best Societies now existing for the encouragement of this class of music, and where certainly, in days gone by, the pure glee might be listened to with feelings of the highest pleasure, we are still bound to confess that it was not until *now* we could believe this branch of art was susceptible of all that powerful colouring of expression and sentiment which is so powerfully developed by the intelligent company of vocalists forming the "Madrigal Union." There all idea of individual display is abandoned. All seem to appreciate fully the sentiment they are called upon to express; in short, they may each be considered as little less than kindred spirits with the poet, than the blending of the voices. It is matchless! and so

completely do they carry away the hearts of their auditors, that even in the immense Free Trade Hall, with not less than fifteen hundred persons present, all was perfect stillness, that you might almost have heard a pin drop. Every one seemed forewarned by this very silence to breathe more and more softly. So intense indeed was the interest, that the programme was nothing more or less than a succession of musical pictures, sometimes reminding one of a delicious retreat, where flowers, verdure, and streamlet all combine to render the landscape one of surpassing beauty; we can only say to those of our readers who may not have been privileged as we, that in order fully to understand all we wish here to describe, it would be necessary that they be transplanted to the place in which we sat, and to feel the warm enthusiasm which such a moment inspires; but they are fled; a few brief hours enjoyment, and we are again emerged in the bustle, din, and smoke of the world; truly pleasure is a thing of glass; when it begins to shine the brightest, it is sure to meet with a fracture; but good Mr. Phillips and Mr. Loekey, you will come again to us ere long?

The cheap "Concerts for the People," gave their second night on Monday last, when upwards of three thousand people, a majority belonging to the operative classes, were present. The tenor, Mr. Perring, was again received with hearty and continuous applause; he sang Beethoven's "Adelaide" with much fervour of expression and purity of voice, but the subject was perhaps a little too classical for the place; hence he was more successful in Balfe's "In this Old Chair," which met with a most rapturous encore: this compliment was also accorded to a buffo duet from *Elisir d'Amore*, in which M. Delevanti took part; the latter gentleman was also encored in a humorous song by Hutton, "Mary the Milk Maid;" the other parts of the Concert call for no particular remark.

The series of Saturday Evening Concerts, at the Mechanics' Institution, are but indifferently supported, although the bill of fare is above the average. It has occurred to us at times that the directors of our Educational Institutions did not devote sufficient attention to the provision of entertainments which are calculated to cultivate a love of art, and refine the taste of those who enjoy them; we are now glad, however, to be able to congratulate the members of our Mechanics' Institution on the opportunity thus afforded them of hearing the best specimens of music, and would remind those who fail to embrace the privilege thus afforded them, that "He who will not when he may—" leaving the remainder of the proverb to be supplied by themselves.

The Distin family are announced to appear here next week, and droll Albert Smith with his Overland Mail will be here on Saturday. The Free Trade Hall is capable of seating some 4000 persons, and the spirited proprietor, Mr. H. B. Peacock, anxious to aid the scheme now being carried on by Charles Dickens and his friends on behalf of their brother authors, has generously placed this most commodious and suitable building at the free disposal of these gentlemen, provided the magistrates of the place would license it for stage plays: and strange, with all that want of charity which we least expect to find in officials like these, they have refused the application. The imitable pen of Charles ought to dash at this.

GRAVESEND.—Mrs. Augustus Eames (late Miss Greenwood), from London, has been singing between the pieces at the Theatre. This lady has created quite a sensation in Bishop's "Should he upbraid," and Frank Eames's Scotch song of "I'm a Lassie," which have been nightly encored.—*From a Correspondent.*

READING.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Two Concerts—one Morning, and one Evening—were given at the Town Hall, on Monday last. The vocalists and instrumentalists were all from the Metropolis. The former comprised Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Ward, Miss Louisa Nevett (pupil of Mrs. Alexander Newton), Mr. H. Barnby, and Mr. Bridge Frodsham. The instrumentalists were—pianoforte—Miss Eliza Ward; Concertina—Master J. Ward; and trumpet—Mr. R. Ward. The morning performances included selections from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and a popular semi-sacred miscellany. The evening concert was entirely miscellaneous and non-ecclesiastic. In the morning concert the selections from *Elijah* were:—Quartet—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord"—(Mrs. Newton, Miss Nevett, and Messrs. Frodsham and Barnby); Recitative—"Ye people" and

Air—"If with all your hearts" (Mr. Bridge Frodsham); Aria—"Hear ye Israel" (Mrs. A. Newton); Solo—"It is enough" (Mr. Henry Barnby); Trio—"Lift up thine eyes"—Mrs. Alexander Newton, and Misses Nevett and Ward; and the contralto Air—"O rest in the Lord"—(Miss Louisa Nevett). From the second, or miscellaneous part, I would select "Let the Bright Seraphim," and "Angels ever bright and fair," by Mrs. A. Newton, as being particularly worthy of mention. They were both very finely rendered, and with the chastest and most appropriate feeling. Mr. Ward's trumpet obligato to the first named song was excellent. Mr. Bridge Frodsham's "In Native Worth," (*Creation*), was also to be admired for its purity and religious expression. The evening concert being, so to speak, of a more profane character, appeared to afford more gratification than the morning. The applause was much greater and several encores were awarded, not one being tendered at the antepandial exhibition. Your readers must hesitate ere they draw conclusions from these premises. On my own authority I can speak for the devotional tendencies of the Reading folk. No people are fonder of going to church on a dry Sunday. The specimen of holy music they hear there, it must be owned, is not adapted to awaken their sympathies towards heavenly strains. Let this stand for their excuse. The encores were given to Mrs. Alexander Newton, in the Cavatina "Qui la voce," *Puritani*; in the Irish ballad "Robin Adair" (mis-named "Scotch" in the programme. The old air is called "Eileen Aroon"—Robin Adair was a county Limerick man—vide Bunting and Moore's "Melodies") for which the fair vocalist substituted "Bonnie Prince Charlie" (a veritable Highlandman); and "Lo here the gentle lark," which, out of all comparison, was the crowning rose of the two performances. I never heard this glorious song given more brilliantly, or with more facility of execution. Mrs. Alexander Newton has made a great sensation in Reading, and will be always received here with open arms. Mr. Bridge Frodsham pleased very much in two songs—especially the first, Clement White's very sweet ballad, "Ah! why did'st thou tell me." Miss Louisa Nevett is a very promising singer, and will no doubt make rapid progress under the admirable instructions of Mrs. Alexander Newton. Miss Eliza Ward performed solos on the piano, and Master John Ward ditto on the concertina, with excellent effect. The concerts were not as well attended as they deserved. The Shakspeare readings of Mrs. Fanny Kemble, given recently here, appear to have absorbed all the attention for out of door recreations.

GUILDFORD CHORAL SOCIETY.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—A numerous and highly respectable assembly attended the opening of the concert season of this society in the Public Hall on Tuesday 21st October. A two-part programme was issued, half being sacred, and half secular music. The former comprised favourite solos from Handel, Calcott, &c, which were worthily intrusted to Miss Cubitt, Mr. Purday, and Miss Edwards, whose name we introduce thus not from any order of her merit, but on account of its being entirely new, a circumstance, however, which the fair *débütante* did not betray; her person, voice, and style of singing being as firm as we could desire. Her range of notes does not include the higher soprano, but there has evidently been great culture in her scale, through which it is rendered generally acceptable. Her principal features of art are clearness of expression, by such a distinct rendering of the words as gives them palpably and musically. Both in solo and concerted music Miss Edwards was successful. We do not know the precise routine of her musical education, but it has evidently been that of sound and experienced teaching. Miss Cubitt and Mr. Purday were all that could be desired, the former carrying the audience away with her as usual, in the deep pathos in which she wraps up the subject she so mentally fathoms. "Friend of the brave," and "Tom Bowling," by Mr. Purday, cannot be passed unnoticed; the audience recorded them with heartfelt approval. All the concerted pieces were treats, among which a production of Mrs. Lemare's, the conductor of the society, called "The Christian's Trust," and a glee, "The weaver's song," by Mrs. Purday, met with general encomium. The Choral Society gave two of Handel's most favourite choruses, and have promised other cheerful meetings to charm away the forthcoming winter.

SUNDERLAND.—(From a Correspondent.)—The Annual Concert of Mr. Loder, which is always anticipated here as one of the events of the year, came off, last week, at the Athenaeum, when a numerous attendance testified their appreciation of the selection, which was sacred, and comprised gems from the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, and *Creation*. The vocalists were Miss M. B. Marsh (her first appearance here), Misses Loder and Brown, Mr. Robson (of Newcastle), Messrs. Ferry, De Lacy, &c. The choruses from the *Messiah*, "And the Glory of the Lord," "For unto us," "Glory to God," went remarkably well. Miss Loder gave the recitatives "There were Shepherds," "And lo the Angel," &c., expressively; as well as "But thou didst not leave." Miss M. B. Marsh sang "Rejoice greatly," which is peculiarly adapted for the display of her flexible voice, as well as "How beautiful are the feet," very chastely. Mr. Ferry's bass voice was heard to advantage in "The people." Mr. Robson (by desire) gave "Waft her Angels," from *Jephtha*. The splendid "Hallelujah chorus," from the same Oratorio was given. The second part opened with the difficult aria, "Hear ye, Israel," Miss Marsh's reading of which displayed excellent taste and judgment. Miss Brown rendered "Oh rest in the Lord," from *Elijah* effectively. The beautiful trio "Lift thine eyes," was given by Mesdames Marsh, Brown, and Loder, in admirable style. The choruses from the *Creation* were, "And to the ethereal vaults," (Solo, "The Marvellous works," Miss Marsh), "Achieved is the glorious work," and "The Heavens are telling." The trio "On thee each living soul," was given by Miss Marsh, Messrs. Robson and Ferry. Miss Loder's singing of "With verdure clad," was very good. She has a beautiful organ. The concert went off well. Messrs. Loder and Vincent conducted with their usual efficiency.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—On Monday evening, October, 22, the celebrated Distin family paid a passing visit to Wolverhampton, and much to the delectation of a large and respectable auditory, gave a selection from their famous repertoire on their sax-horns. It would be superfluous to criticise a performance which has been justly praised and lauded by Meyerbeer and other composers, and therefore we content ourselves with observing that we never heard Donizetti's music more faithfully and beautifully rendered. The harmonies elicited by the extraordinary family are only surpassed by the wonderful precision, accuracy, and effect of the performance of their melodies. Especially does "The Soldier tired," by the eldest Distin, call loudly for the most enthusiastic commendation. In our opinion it is unsurpassed and unsurpassable. The "Cuckoo's Galop" is a charming novelty, and was brilliantly executed.—(*Wolverhampton Herald*.)

Reviews of Music.

"CHANTS FOR FOUR VOICES, WITH ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT.
Edited by W. T. BEST. J. A. Novello.

Another addition to the countless collections of chants, without any special purpose or peculiar design in the publication, appears to us to be an entirely useless expenditure of paper and printing. The present volume contains a considerable number of the old approved specimens of this, the very smallest form of musical composition, the productions of the manifold musicians and clergymen who have from time to time limited or extended the expression of their ideas, as the case may be, to four chords in the first part and six in the second. It presents us also with several new chants by the editor, Dr. Wesley, Mr. Turle, Rev. W. H. Havergal, and some others. These are of various merit; but there is one thing that we esteem a fault which prevails generally amongst them, and in those of Mr. Best most particularly; this is the decidedly modern character of the harmony, which we consider incompatible with the solemnity of church music, inappropriate to compositions of this simple construction, and ineffective in any circumstances where chants are likely to be performed. We object without qualification to the restoring of the ecclesiastical modes and to the enforced preservation of the Gregorian Chant in any form for the purposes of

church music, because this style of music is obsolete and un congenial to the taste, and even to the comprehension of the present public. We object also to the employment of unprepared discords and extreme chromatic combinations in music which is designed for performance by large multitudes in large echoing buildings, as being in the first place uncertain of execution, and in the second place, if perfectly executed of very questionable effect. That music may be written, of simplicity equal to that of the earliest times, but with also the purity that modern art has given to music we have happily met many examples, and it is this style of composition which we approve as best suited to the purposes of the Protestant cathedral service.

"ON WINGS OF MUSIC," (AUF FLUGELN DES GESANGES)—By MENDELSSOHN, transcribed for the Harp solo, and dedicated to his pupil, Miss Ellen Roe, by CHARLES OBERTHÜR. Op. 83. Ewer and Co.

The eighty-third work of Herr Oberthür consists of an arrangement for his instruments of a very well known and equally beautiful song of Mendelssohn. It is, as the title-page describes it, a transcription, or a compression of the voice part and the accompaniment into two lines, with only this exception, that for the second verse Herr Oberthür has substituted a variation which is graceful and pleasing.

"SIX LIEDER OHNE WORTE"—By MENDELSSOHN, transcribed for Harp and Piano, and dedicated to his pupils, the Misses Emilie and Josephine Lamb, by CHARLES OBERTHÜR, Harpist to H. S. H. the Duchess of Nassau. Op. 81. Ewer and Co.

In the eighty-first work of this composer we find even less that belongs to Herr Oberthür than in the eighty-third, since here we have not even a variation to ascribe to him, and candidly speaking we like his composition all the better for it. The songs here selected are—the one in A flat from the fourth book; the one in G minor from the same; the one in E minor from the fifth book, which was arranged by Moscheles for a military band, and performed at the funeral of the lamented composer; the one in E flat from the sixth book; and the one in F and the one in B flat from the seventh and last, of the posthumous series. The original pianoforte part is divided between the two instruments, and we look upon this arrangement as a medium to interest amateurs of the harp in some very beautiful music not otherwise accessible to them.

"THE CARLOTTA BLOOMER POLKA." Lee and Coxhead.

The music of this polka is more than pretty, being above the ordinary standard of dance composition. It differs entirely from polka music generally, and the long step requisite to be taken by the lady who may dance this polka will have the effect of showing off the figure and dress of the dancer to advantage. Altogether this polka is worthy of the beautiful illustration, by Brandard, of the Bloomer on the title page.

Miscellaneous.

AN ELEGANT SILVER SNUFF BOX has lately been presented to J. G. Waetzig, Esq., bearing the following gratifying inscription:—"Presented to J. G. Waetzig, Esq., by the members of the band of Her Majesty's 2nd Regiment of Life Guards as a token of admiration of his musical talents, esteem for his uniform urbanity and kindness, and regret for his retirement, 1851."

FINE AMERICAN WRITING.—The *New York Journal of Fine Arts* aims at becoming also the journal of superfine writing. Welcoming Mrs. Mowatt back to her native country, the journal says:—"Her first bound upon the stage gives the same childlike joy that we feel in finding a dove's nest in the woods, and the meaning of the whole play stands revealed at once; even as to the poet's eye the soul of nature hangs incarnate in a humming bird on the dewy corolla of a cactus!"

MRS. ANDERSON.—We are happy to inform our readers that this accomplished pianist, is rapidly recovering from her late severe accident.

THE CARLOTTA BLOOMER POLKA.—We understand that the "veritable Bloomer" has arrived in England from Melrose, near Boston, United States. If this be the genuine fair Bloomer (blooming?) revolutionist in the cause of reform in female attire, our fancy balls will produce a novel and comic, as well as fanciful effect, judging from the striking and gay colours apparent in *Mdlle. Bloomer's* costume.

PALTONI.—Our correspondents from Manchester in their communications have failed to notice the engagement of this clever and popular barytone, in the list of stars in the Italian opera at the Theatre Royal. Signor Paltoni, in fact, was one of the principal vocalists, and with Miss Clara Novello, and Mr. Sims Reeves, helped to give the performances all their *eclat*. This gentleman is an excellent *buffo*, and a good general artist, being an experienced hand in Italian opera, and perfectly alive to the business of the stage. His principal characters in Manchester were Figaro in the *Barbiere*; Ricardo, in *Puritani*; and Dulcamara, in *Elisir d'Amore*. We are glad to be enabled to make Signor Paltoni some amends for the remissness or oversight of our correspondents.

THE TYROLESE VOCALISTS.—On Tuesday week, the Tyrolese singer, Holaus, with his company of five persons, had the honour of singing before the Queen, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, and a distinguished dinner party at Windsor Castle.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE, whilst riding on the Grand Parade, Brighton, last week, was thrown from her horse with great violence, and had a narrow escape of a very serious injury. She was conveyed to her hotel, but after a few hours Mrs. Kemble quite rallied, and gave the reading which was announced for that evening.

FRASCHINI.—Rossini's well-known "tenore di maledizione," or "cursed tenor"—so called by the silent swan of Pesaro for his powerful singing of the "malediction," in the second act of *Lucia di Lammermoor*—though killed with three poignard stabs in the heart by all the journals, excepting the **MUSICAL WORLD** who sniffed the joke, is, we are happy to say, alive and tuneful as ever, and will, in all probability, before he dies, utter many more forcible and remunerative curses on numerous Lucys in patent Theatres. Fraschini will be remembered as having been at Her Majesty's Theatre a few years ago, when he failed to ingratiate himself largely with the *habitués*. His voice had tremendous power, and in Verdi's music was singularly telling. Fraschini was originally an honest shoe maker and rose from the last. Collini, his reputed slayer, has not lost all his voice.

A FLOATING THEATRE.—Spaulding, the circus proprietor is about building in Cincinnati, a monster floating palace for theatrical, circus, and menagerie performances. It is to be 400 feet long, with 60 feet beam, and is to accommodate 4,000 spectators. It is to be towed by two steam tenders to the various towns upon the Mississippi and its tributaries in summer, and to be moored at the Levee, in New Orleans, in the winter. It is estimated to cost 40,000 dollars, and will be completed next spring.—*Montreal Courier*.

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A. HOLDEN.—Your letter can only be inserted as an advertisement.

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A YOUNG MAN, with a decided Bass Voice, would be willing to sing in a Church in London (full choral service is preferred), for six months, gratuitously, for a few lessons on Solo singing from one of the above gentlemen. Address to Mr. Alexander, No. 6 Upper Dorset-street, Vauxhall Bridge Road, or to the Library, 24, Old Cavendish-street, Oxford-street.

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